

# THE HOME JOURNAL.

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## The Home Journal.

BY W. J. SLATTER.  
"Pledged to no Party's arbitrary sway,  
We follow Truth wherever she leads the way."  
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### Learn to Spell.

Bad spelling is discredit. Every young man and woman should be a master of their native tongue. He that will not learn to spell the language that is in his tongue, and before his eyes and nose every hour, shows no great aptitude for the duties of the intelligent, observing man. Bad spelling, therefore, is a discredit. It indicates a blundering person that cannot see with his eyes open. So, we have known, in our time, the application of more than one young man, made with great display of penmanship, and parade of references, rejected for his very bad spelling. Bad spelling is a very bad indication. He who runs may read it. A bright schoolboy, utterly incapable of appreciating your stores of science, art, and literature, can see your blunders. You will find it hard to inspire that boy with any great respect for your attainments. Bad spelling, therefore, is a very mortifying and inconvenient defect. We have known men and women thrown into very prominent positions, so ashamed of their deficiency in this respect, that they never ventured to send a letter until it had been revised by a friend. This was, to say the least of it, sufficiently inconvenient.

We say again, *learn to spell*. Keep your eyes open when you read and write; and if any word is spelt differently from your mode, ascertain which is right. Keep your dictionary before you, and in writing, whenever you have the least misgivings about the spelling of a word, look at it at once, and remember it. Do not let your laziness, young man or woman, get the advantage of you.

### Constant Employment.

The man who is obliged to be employed to earn the necessities of life and support his family knows not the unhappiness he prays for when he desires wealth and idleness. To be constantly busy is to be always happy. Persons who have suddenly acquired wealth, broken up their active pursuits, and begun to live at their ease, waste away and die in a very short time. Thousands would have been blessings to the world, and added to the common stock of happiness, if they had been content to remain in an humble sphere, and earned every mouthful of food that nourished their bodies. But no, fashion and wealth took possession of them, and they were completely ruined. They ran away from peace and pleasure, and embraced a lingering death. Ye who are sighing for the pomp and splendor of life, beware! Ye know not what you wish. No situation, however exalted; no wealth, however magnificent; no honors, however glorious, can yield you solid enjoyment while discontent lurks in your bosom. The secret of happiness lies in this:—to be always contented with your lot, and never sigh for the splendor of riches, or the magnificence of fashion and power. Persons who are always busy and go cheerfully to their daily tasks, are the least disturbed by the fluctuations of business, and at night sleep with perfect composure.

### The Weather.

Don't be alarmed, reader—we are not going to preach a sermon on the weather of to-day, nor that of yesterday; nor of a year ago—nor even to speculate on what sort of weather we shall have a year hence. We only mean to speak of the weather impersonally and generally, leaving all the science of meteorology, and the phenomena therewith connected, for some one else to talk about. What on earth would people do were it not for the weather? What would bore talk about? How would our old friend Hill over at Fayetteville, make a living, or find anything to put in his almanac? And what on earth could we write about just now, were it not for the weather? What excuse would one have for not visiting his friends. In short, what could we find

fault with when out of temper, especially when the weather has prevented a young man from going to see his sweetheart! What can make one feel worse than a cold, drizzling rain, falling on the soggy, steaming earth—when the sky looks like an old zinc stove-hearth, and the air feels like wet woolen.

Then again, fine weather is just as good in a different way. We are all susceptible to the influence of sunshine, just as we are to smiles and kind words. A pure and balmy atmosphere exhilarates us no less than pure champagne. (By-the-way, don't suppose we have been indulging lately.) On the whole, the weather is a great institution, and is oftener anathematized than one supposes. The fair maiden gets her new dress and wants to exhibit it, but alas! a rainy Sunday blights her wish. If she does not say anything, she "thinks a heap." A party is to come off, and preparations are made, when lo! a rainy day ruins all. May Day is proposed to be celebrated, and the gallant young gentlemen and fancy young maidens are on tip-toe of expectation, but the weather interferes and they see their fun all "knocked in the head."

Still we say, hurrah for the weather. We must have it, and there's no use of fretting about it.

A stranger in Winchester the other day asked us where Mr.—— lived. The streets in our town not being named, we told him as briefly and concisely as possible, to go up that street, (pointing to it,) and he would come to a big brick house on his left and a yellow or cream colored one on his right. Then pass these and he would come to a white house on the next street. Then turn to his left and pass another house with trees around it and at the end of the street nearly he would pass another frame house, and the next house was where Mr.—— lived. The gentleman started and lost his way, and looking for the name of the street he was on, found none and returned, wondering why the streets in the good town of Winchester are not named.

To-morrow is like a juggler that deceives us; a quack that pretends to cure us, and thin ice that will not bear our weight. It is fruit beyond our grasp; a glittering bubble that bursts and vanishes away; a will-o'-the-wisp that leads many into the mire, and a rock that many mariners have struck and suffered shipwreck. It is illusion to all who neglect the present hour, and a reality to those only who improve to day.

Forrest, the actor, has lately recovered of N. P. Willis, the poet, the sum of one hundred dollars damages in an action for libel. In the South, such matters are determined by a very different tribunal. Instead of the report of a jury, we have the report of a six-shooter.

### The Painter and his Master.

A young painter had finished an excellent picture—the best he had ever produced—even his master found no fault with it. The young painter was so delighted that he contemplated his work incessantly, and gave up his studies—for he imagined he could never surpass his picture.

One morning, when he was about to indulge again in the contemplation of his work, he found that his master had effaced the whole painting. Weeping with rage, he ran to inquire the cause of this cruel proceeding.

"My friend," answered the master, "thou didst no longer have the art in thy painting, but thyself! Believe me, it was not perfect, even if it appeared so to us; it was not a study. Now take the pencil again, and try what thou canst create! Do not repent of this sacrifice! The sublime must be in thy soul before thou art able to represent it on canvas!"

Boldly, and full of confidence in himself and in his master, the young artist set to work again, and painted his most splendid piece, "The sacrifice of Iphigenia"—for the name of the artist was Timanthies.

The moral of this plain enough, if there be those who would see it. As says the German poet,

This song was made to read by night  
And he who reads it in the daylight  
Will never read the mystery right;  
And yet it's childlike easy.

An Irishman having been obliged to live with his master some time in Scotland, when he came back some of his companions asked how he liked Scotland.

"I will tell you how," said he, "I was sick all the time I was there, and if I had lived there till this time, I had been dead a year ago."

Do not tattle scandal.

Like a gentle shower in sultry summer, comes the following lovely poem from "our other contributors." All who read it must surely call it beautiful. The sentiment of the first verse wins our admiration and makes us eager to devour the whole. Really, we must believe like a master effort by the author. It is so simple, it seems to have come from the heart and not the brain.—KATVON.

Written for the Winchester Home Journal.

### Rain.

BY COL. G. LEANDER EBERHART.  
How I love to see it raining,  
As the silver streamers reach  
From the clouds up in the heavens,  
To the river's pebbly beach.

How I love to see it raining  
When the gentle summer showers,  
From the smiling green earth, awaken  
All the sleeping buds of flowers,  
And I love to hear it tapping  
On my window lead and pane,  
While with fingers it seems tapping  
To the measure of my song.

What a world of holy memories  
Now it weaves into woe!  
As it tappings, softly tappings,  
On the slanting eaves of roof,  
As it tappings, wildly tappings,  
With a kind of mad reproach,  
On the slanting of my roof.

Oh I love it, madly love it!  
For before me I can see  
A dear little loving angel  
Holding out her hands to me,  
As she used to fondly hold them,  
Sitting on her mother's knee.

I can see a smiling mother  
Standing on "the other shore,"  
As she used to stand beside me  
In the happy days of yore,  
With her hand on my forehead,  
That loved angel gone before.

Yes, I love it, wildly love it,  
Love the gently falling rain,  
For within my heart it weaves  
All the joys of youth again,  
All the joys and all the pain,  
Both the mourning, sobbing strain,  
When in my heart again.

Yes, I love to hear it tapping,  
Wildly tappings, loudly tappings,  
On the pane and on the roof,  
For it is such a solemn tapping,  
Bath a solemn, now to mourning,  
Through the future's tangled web.

And mysteriously it tells  
Of a happy land where dwelt  
All the loved ones gone before,  
And that in that happy land,  
I shall meet a lovely maiden,  
Whom I loved in days of yore.

And where crystal streams are flowing,  
And smiling flowers are blowing,  
We shall live and love once more,  
As we did beside the river,  
Have and love forever more.

That is why I love the tapping,  
And the angry, restless tappings,  
Of the rain upon my roof,  
Why I love its falling sound,  
Through the dust about my growing,  
With its strangely wild report.

Yes, I love it, wildly love it,  
From the happy days of yore,  
All the loved and lost of yore,  
And I tell you most emphatically,  
That in joy supreme, ecstatic,  
I shall meet them out there,  
Where is parting never more,  
And shall love them more fully  
Than in the glad days of yore.

### A Splendid Story.

#### THE BRIDE'S APPEAL.

BY ANNIE E. LEANDER.

Brightly burned the blazing fire, and merrily ticked the exquisite little mantle clock, within the comfortable and neatly arranged sitting-room of Mrs. Small, whose genial face lit up with a smile as she thought how comfortably she was situated.

It was indeed a pleasant home picture. Mrs. Small sat with her knitting needles gliding noiselessly through her fingers; Emma, her oldest daughter, held a closed book carelessly within her hand; while mischievous Bell, the younger of the group, was patting a milk-white kitten, which lay like a small parcel of the softest silk floss upon the folds of her dress.

They were all drawn up around the blazing fire, and presented a beautiful picture of an affectionate mother and daughter. There was a striking resemblance in the form and features of the whole group. They were all of very fair complexion, with the lightest shade of brown hair, small in stature, but fat and rosy.

There was one other occupant of that room—Ada Ford, the orphan niece of Mrs. Small. She was widely different in face or form, from her aunt and pretty cousins. She was tall, with a graceful and slight, almost ethereal figure; her hair was a rich, glossy black, and fell in heavy curls around her fair neck and shoulders; her face was fair, with only a slight rose-tint upon either cheek, and her voice was clear and sweet as the chiming of the joy bells. If her cousins were termed pretty, then might she be called beautiful.

On the evening of which we have spoken, she did not join in the spirited conversation which her aunt and cousins were carrying on, but she sat apart from the rest, seemingly lost in thought. At length Mrs. Small turned to her, and said—

"Why are you so pensive this evening, Ada?"

"I am thinking of the future aunt," she replied, sadly.

"And what is there in your anticipations of the future to make you gloomy?" questioned her aunt, in a solem tone.

"Oh," said Emma Small, in a gay voice, "she is grieving for the many hearts she will break when she marries Dr. Ward."

"Ah! chimed in Bell, "I wish I had the assurance of as good, handsome and intelligent a husband as Dr.

Ward. I would never trouble myself about anybody's heart being broken."

"Or even the hope of getting as good an offer as Dr. Ward," answered Mrs. Small.

"But seriously, Ada," she continued, speaking in a kind, motherly tone, to her niece, "what is it that troubles you? I have noticed the shadow that has rested upon your usually calm brow all day, and am at a loss how to account for it."

"Well, really, aunt," she replied, "I can hardly tell; perhaps it is wrong of me; but I cannot feel otherwise than troubled about the contents of that letter which I received concerning the habits of Dr. Ward."

"Well, Ada, although I think your fears are groundless, but, feeling as you do, I should advise you to mention the matter to Dr. Ward," said Mrs. Small.

"That I have already done, dear aunt," replied Ada; "that is, I did not tell him about the letter, nor speak directly about his own conduct; but I spoke to him of the evils arising from intemperance, and he said that, in many respects, he concurred in my opinions; but he thought a man might drink intoxicating liquors, and drink frequently without being in any danger of becoming a drunkard, if he was possessed of any reason or judgment. And then, when I warned him to beware, he laughed at my fears, and told me that I should have more confidence in him than to think he would ever so far forget himself as to become a common drunkard."

"And did not this assurance satisfy you, Ada?" asked her aunt.

"On the contrary, it has only excited my fears, in a greater degree, for he made light of my anxiety, and spoke rather in favor of intoxicating liquors, while I have such a horror of all such; and a preceptible shudder passed through the young girl's frame as she spoke.

"Feeling as you do, Ada, I think it would be better for you to speak plainly and directly to Dr. Ward upon the subject which troubles you so very much, although I think your fears and anxiety are without any just cause," said Mrs. Small.

"I think I shall do as you advise, aunt," replied Ada.

Here their conversation was interrupted by a servant, who informed Ada that Dr. Ward was awaiting her in the parlor. After pausing a few moments before a mirror, to arrange her somewhat disheveled curls, she hastened to meet Dr. Ward, her betrothed husband.

Ada Ford told him, that evening of the anonymous letter she had received from S——, denouncing him as a wine bibber, also, her fears and anxiety on his account; and now, when the subject was laid plainly before him, he made every effort, and used every argument in his power to quiet the fears of the beautiful and fondly loved girl. And he succeeded; for his eloquent pleadings, added to those of her own heart, were sufficient to allay her fears, and cause her to feel that she had wronged him by even indulging the thought that he, in whom she saw so many noble qualities, could be guilty of indulging in that vice, the very thought of which filled her with horror and disgust.

When Gilbert Ward went out from the presence of Ada Ford, he left her happy—happier than she had been for many days; and he, too, was happy; happy in the assurance that, in two short months, he was to come and claim the beautiful Ada, the idol of his heart, as his bride.

As he wound his way from the residence of Mrs. Small, he resolved in his heart that, for the sake of his beautiful betrothed, he would taste no more of the sparkling bowl. But, alas! temptation lay in his path; he was not strong to resist, and his good resolutions were broken.

The few weeks that intervened before the marriage of Dr. Ward and Ada, passed rapidly by. If a fear of evil, or a dread of the future, caused the fair brow of our heroine to be clouded for a few moments, these fears were quickly dispelled by the gay railery of her cousins, and the motherly counsel and encouragement of her kind aunt.

At length the important day arrived. They were married very quietly, in the little brown stone church in G——, the town where Ada resided, and all who wished to go were present to witness the solemn ceremony performed. The church was crowded to overflowing; the fair bride looked very beautiful and very happy in her plain traveling dress and flowing mantle. And Dr. Ward, the new-made husband, looked very proud and very happy too.

Ada took leave of her friends at the

door of the church; and then went forth from G—— with the man of her choice, to whom she was devotedly attached, whither she had come seventeen years before, a lone orphan—a prattling and innocent child of three summers—to reside with her maternal aunt, Mrs. Small, who had ever treated her, in every respect, as she did her own daughters.

Ada had been a favorite with the kind-hearted villagers ever since the first appearance among them. They loved her in her childhood for her innocence and artlessness, and they loved her no less in her womanhood for her noble, generous qualities of mind and heart. And many were the sincere blessings and prayers that were breathed for her as she went out from their midst, on the bright morning of her bridal.

But now, leaving Dr. Ward and his lovely bride to pursue their way to the town of S——, which is to be their future residence, we will turn our attention to Dr. Ward alone.

A few years previous to the opening of our story, he had gone to S—— from a neighboring state, and commenced the practice of medicine. At first his practice was limited; but gradually he gained the confidence of a large portion of the people in S—— and the vicinity, and soon began to be very prosperous.

It was during a short sojourn in the city of B—— that he first met Ada Ford. He was fascinated with her exquisite beauty; and when he found an opportunity to converse with her, he found the charms of her mind no less than those of her person; and thus he did how at the shrine of the beautiful Ada, and at length he became her husband. He was truly a man of many noble qualities, but addicted to the vice of drinking intoxicating liquors—that vice which the fair Ada abhorred. Notwithstanding this, he had many friends in G—— and many who deplored this sad fault.

When he carried his fair bride to G——; she was kindly and warmly received; for, with her beautiful face, and gentle, winning way, she could not fail to please wherever she went.

The winter of 1857 was one of unusual gaiety in G——, and there was scarcely an entertainment given to which Dr. Ward and Ada were not invited. And they generally attended, for Dr. Ward was exceedingly fond of social entertainments, and Ada enjoyed society greatly; she liked also to mingle with the friends of her husband, it appeared to give both him and his friends so much pleasure for her to do so. But Ada had a dread of wine parties, because she feared for her husband. She had noted with watchful eye that his glass never remained undrained.

There was to be a grand entertainment given by Captain Warner, who had lately returned from a long and successful voyage. Expectation and anticipation were on tip-toe, for Captain Warner's entertainments were always given in magnificent style, and the guests never failed to enjoy themselves. But somehow Ada Ward felt a dread of going, and a presentiment of evil to come; but it would never do to decline the invitation, for he was one of Dr. Ward's most intimate friends, and so, with a heavy heart, she prepared herself to go. Her spirits, however, revived when she stood before her husband arrayed for the ball, and saw the proud light that gleamed from his eyes as he surveyed her frequently form, and listened to the fond praise that he bestowed upon her.

And well might he be proud of his lovely wife for, although in that vast assembly there were many faces fair to look upon, and many forms of exquisite grace and elegance, yet Ada Ward—the gentle, and the beautiful, stood pre-eminently the queen of them all.

For a while all went merrily as a marriage bell. The soft light emitted from the highly polished chandeliers, lent a kind of a bewitching charm to those rooms, through which the delicate aroma of choice flowers floated, as though wafted from the orange groves of sunny Italy; while here and there fairy forms flitted, and sweet strains of music mingled with happy voices, and gay laughter burst forth, lending a kind of witchery to the scene.

During the first part of the evening our heroine was very happy. She had seemingly forgotten all her former fears and anxiety; and often, as she glided through the mazy dance, or joined in the gay sallies of wit that flowed from rosy lips and guileless hearts, could her low, musical laughter be heard, like the gentle rippling of glad waters. But by and by, as

the evening began to wear away, a shadow gathered upon her hitherto calm brow, for she marked a change in the bearing of her husband; perhaps one less accustomed to his manner would not have noticed it; but she noted that the tones of his voice were louder, and more hurried and abrupt than his wont, and that his manner was more familiar; not that he was rude, but he had lost that dignity which always characterized him.

Ada knew but too well how to account for this change, for she was well aware that wine had passed freely and frequently among the guests, and that to this might be attributed the change in her husband's manner. It was, therefore, with deep anxiety that she saw the red liquid again being passed among the guests, for she felt convinced that one draught more added to what he had already drunk, would place her husband on a level with what he termed a drunkard. She watched him narrowly, and resolved that she would make an effort to save him from what he considered a terrible fate. It was a moment of intense suffering to poor Ada, as her bloodless cheeks and trembling limbs testified.

When she saw him stretch forth his hand to take the proffered glass, she seemed suddenly to regain her strength, and flew like lightning speed toward him. She reached his side just as he was raising the clear crystal-like goblet to his lips, to drain it of its contents; and, placing her hand gently but firmly upon his uplifted arm, she exclaimed, in clear, thrilling tones—

"Gilbert, my husband, forbear! drain not the poisonous draught!" Slowly the upraised hand descended, and he looked searchingly in her face, as if to read her meaning. For a moment gazed upon her, and then a dark frown gathered upon his brow, and again he raised the goblet to his lips; and then poor Ada, forgetful of everything but her own intense anxiety and suffering, in an agonized voice, exclaimed—

"Oh, Gilbert, for my sake drink not the maddening potion! Oh, beware! beware!"

Again did Gilbert Ward's hand descend, and he allowed Ada to take the goblet from him. Stepping back a few paces, she seized a glass of water that stood on a richly carved table; she gazed with burning eye upon its contents, then raised the goblet containing the sparkling wine, and gazed wildly upon it, while her cheeks blanched to a deathly palor, and her bosom heaved with intense emotion. She exclaimed, in clear ringing tones—

"Behold what I see within this flowing liquid! I see for you Gilbert, sorrow, shame, dishonor, misery, despair—yes, death! I see that face, now bearing the impress of health and peace, burning and scorched with the great heat of this poison, and seared and disfigured by the traces of debauchery and contracted disease! I see your firm step becoming weak and tottering! I hear your rich voice growing hollow and unnatural—your flashing eye becoming dim and lustreless—your intellect becoming impaired, and your mind enfeebled and weak! I see your home growing desolate and neglected; your friends all forsaking you, and you traveling down to a pauper's grave, uncared for and unwept! I see for myself suffering, want, misery and despair! I see my brightest hopes crushed, my fondest wishes blighted, and my poor heart torn and lacerated, and all this is the work of my husband!"

"On the other hand," said she, raising the vessel containing the clear, cold water, "I see peace, prosperity, honor, renown, joy, hope, friends and long life, and all for you if you will it! And will you, oh, Gilbert,—thus heedlessly rush on to ruin, and relentlessly torture your loving, suffering wife, until she sinks into a premature grave?"

"Choose!" she exclaimed, wildly, extending her hand toward him, choose this moment, oh, my husband, between wine and water—choose between happiness and misery both here and hereafter! Oh, choose between life and death; extinguish the last spark of joy and life within my bosom, or bid me live and be happy!"

With bloodless lips and heaving bosom, Gilbert Ward, fully sobered by the events of the last few moments, stretched forth his trembling hand, and, taking the goblet containing the clear, cooling water, raised it to his lips, and drained the grateful draught. Then, as his hands descended, he exclaimed, in solemn tones—

"God help me to keep this resolve!"

"Amen," was responded from every lip in that vast assembly, in tones of reverence, though many cheeks were wet with tears, and many voices husky with emotion.

"Saved, saved, thank God, saved!" murmured Ada, as she staggered forward, and fell fainting into the arms of her husband.

Ah, he was saved; and not him alone, but many others who stood within sound of Ada Ward's voice on that memorable night.

They bore the fair young bride to her home, and laid her upon a downy couch; from which she rose not for long, weary days and nights, but lay insensible to all things around her; yet still pleading wildly, passionately with her husband, to forsake the drunkard's cup.

As Gilbert Ward watched beside his suffering and adored wife, again did he renew his vow of total abstinence. Ay, and angels may have recorded those vows in the courts of the most High King.

When Ada recovered her reason and health, her husband went forth into the busy tumult of the world and became one of the most zealous workers in the great cause of Temperance.

Wives, have you intemperate husbands? Then seek, by every means in your power, to rescue them from a drunkard's grave. Mothers, have you intemperate sons? Cease not to warn and entreat. Sisters have you intemperate brothers? Seek to save them from the sorrow and woe that attends the wine bibber!

### She Married Well.

Ah, but did she? To be sure the wedding was a grand affair. Silks rustled, ribbons fluttered, exquisite lace veiled fairy-like forms. Diamonds glittered, bright eyes sparkled, soft curls floated over lily shoulders, and dimpled cheeks glowed with health and happiness. Rich music pealed through the vast saloons, and light feet kept time to its enchanting measure; there was gay laughter, sweet smiles, low spoken vows, soft womanly blushes, and many tones. Oh yes; it was a brilliant wedding; and from lip to lip was echoed—"she married well!"

"Did she?" The bridegroom was a handsome man, dark lustrous eyes, and a profusion of raven locks; his air was dignified and commanding, his manners polished and refined. Mammas ever so intriguing, papas ever so scheming, daughters enveighing and plotting, young men and old, all declared earnestly—"she married well!"

A gorgeous mansion was the house of the young bride; attentive servants obeyed every wish, all that wealth or station could bestow was hers. She rode in her elegant carriage, she dressed in the costliest fabrics. Her jewels were of the richest lustre, and gold to her was but as so much dross. Oh yes, she married well.

Pale, still and cold as the moon-beams that steal through her curtain folds, it meets the young and beautiful bride of a year; the diamonds are taken from her brow, and her long, disheveled hair falls in dark tresses over her white shoulders; her jewelled hands are clasped, her white face upraised, the dark eyes full of tears, bitter, heart-burning tears such as a many a woman never sheds. It is strange that such a proud, haughty, worldly woman should pray, and yet shudder, and the midnight moon looks down as if in silent pity. What is wealth and station to her who knows no sympathy, no love, and has lost her faith in man? What to her the admiration of the multitude, when he who promised to love and cherish her lavishes his smiles upon a wanton, spends the hours he should be at her side at the gambling table, and the drinking saloon; he comes to her with no words of endearment, no smile of affection, a curse upon his lip, and frowns upon his brow. And yet the world whispers "she married well! Her husband is handsome and accomplished, and more than all, a millionaire; who should dare say otherwise? What is drinking, gambling, infidelity and libertinism in the one scale, while wealth overbalances it in the other? What is it, we ask, and a large portion of the Christian world would say—"nothing."

Yes, she married well! She wed a marble mansion, broad lands, and a surfeit of that yellow dust called gold, before the world, and she married in the sight of Heaven and her own heart, a monster, a base libertine, a drunkard and gambler. Did she answer oh ye lovers of wealth and station, did she marry well?

And all this for a lifetime; that wedded wealth may pass into other hands, what will be left her then? No true-hearted husband to shield her support, or to die for her labor; nothing but that incubus, that leaden weight upon her heart, that vampire which death alone can separate her from. Heaven pity! God be merciful! if this is to marry well!

MARY A. KEABLES.